

"THE NIGHTINGALE SONG."

As Sung By Miss Marie Tempest in the Opera of "The Tyrolean."

Andante.

1. When a youth of twen - ty years, Blest with all that life en - dears, 'Neath the stars that shone a - bove, While he
2. Tho' tis sev'n - ty years a - go, And the fee - ble step is slow, While the streamlet mir - rors there, Wrinkled

kissed his own true love, Oft he heard, in wood - land vale, . . . Sweet - ly sing the Night - in - gale! . . .
brow, and look of care, In his heart he fond - ly sighs, . . . Well - a - day! how Time it flies! . . .

Rit. **REFRAIN.**

Long since then by night, by day, His heart has heard that lay! . . . Once more, sing on, once more! Chant thy lay, . . . Night - in -
But that song sounds just as dear, In moon - light sil - ver clear! . . .

Rit. *p*

Rit. *A tempo.*

gale! . . . Once more, sing on, once more, . . . Sweet - ly sing o'er hill and dale! . . . Once more, sing on, once

Rit. *A tempo.*

Rit. *D. C.*

more! . . . Chant thy lay, . . . Night - in - gale! . . . Once more, sing on, once more! . . . Sweet - ly sing o'er hill and dale, . . .

Cres. *Rit.* *D. C.*